

THOMPSON'S AUNT.



I HAD seated myself comfortably in my section of a parlor car for a ride of nearly 300 miles, and was eating the pages of two or three of my favorite magazines, when Thompson, who is one of those exasperating creatures who "mean well," came dashing into the car loaded to his chin with boxes and bundles, while a bird cage containing a jackdaw dangled from his fingers. Behind him came a small, thin, ascetic-looking woman, with iron gray curls and glittering black eyes. She had a huge bouquet of red roses, yellow marigolds, crimson "Princess" feathers, and purple petunias, combined with striped grass, and "live-for-ever," and that plant of nauseating odor called "old man." The moment Thompson saw me he called out at the top of his voice:

"Ha! Hawkins, that you? Well, if this isn't luck! Been wishing there'd be some one in the car I knew, on Aunt Jane's account! And her section is right next to yours, too! That's great! Aunt Jane, this is Hawkins—Joe Hawkins; you've heard me speak of him!"

"Don't know as I have," said Aunt Jane, without looking toward me. "Look out, Will Thompson! You're banging that bird cage around awful recklessly. That bird will get out first thing you know!"

She had the most penetrating voice I ever heard.

"Now, Hawkins will look after you, Auntie, and be glad to do it," said Thompson as he began to unload in her section. Going far, Hawkins?"

"Nearly 300 miles."

"Good! Now, Auntie, you will have company all of the way. Hawkins is going as far as you are, Auntie, and he'll see you through all right. He's a regular ladies' man, anyhow. Loves to be attentive to the ladies. Ha! ha! Come, sit right in the section with Auntie and get acquainted, Hawkins!"

"I'm afraid I'll be crowding her."

"Oh, no; plenty of room. Come."

"Hold that, please," said Aunt Jane, in a tone of command, as I sat down beside her and she deposited a large wicker-basket with a cover on my knees and thrust the bouquet with its deadly odor under the handle of the basket. There was a sound of scratching and snarling from within the basket and Aunt Jane explained briefly:

"Got a two-thirds Angora cat in that basket that my niece's sister-in-law gave me."



A SPITTING, SNARLING MASS.

The breed of the other third was not made known to me, but I think that it must have been hyena judging from what followed.

"Bye, bye, Auntie," said Thompson, knocking off my hat as he sprang over me to deposit a kiss on Aunt Jane's sharp little nose. "So glad Hawkins is with you. He'll look after you like your own son. Ta, ta, Hawkins! Bye, bye, Auntie."

"Put up the window, please," said Aunt Jane as the train started. I obeyed and clouds of dirt swept into the car.

Presently she brought forth from her handbag a lemon, a folding drinking cup, a paper bag of sugar and a lemon squeezer, and commanded, rather than requested, me to make her a glass of lemonade. I withdrew to the water tank at the rear of the car with feelings it is not best to express, and with the unwilling assistance of the porter, concocted the lemonade, only to have the cup collapse just as I was handing it to Aunt Jane. She gave a scream as the lemonade flooded her lap and jumped up, knocking the cat basket to the floor, and the next moment a spitting, snarling mass of yellow and white fur shot over the back of the car seat and raced madly down the aisle. Then it bounded from one end of the car to the other over the heads of the passengers, while a nervous woman in the car fainting, and a stout, middle-aged lady screamed steadily at the top of her voice. An excitable old gentleman, with a bleeding scratch on his bald head, ran up and down the aisle, breathing the most awful maledictions on the cat and striking at it with an umbrella that flew open at every blow. A man with a gold-headed cane did more effective work, and got in one blow that drove the cat to the roof of the car, where it clung with snarling defiance.

"You ought to be prosecuted for traveling with such a wild beast," said the bald-headed old gentleman, shaking his fist at me.

"Yes, you ought!" said a woman who had crawled down between two seats and was holding her person over her head for protection.

"Kitty! Kitty! Kitty!" said Aunt Jane cajolingly, as she started down the aisle with a ham sandwich held up toward the cat, which suddenly

gave a bloodcurdling snarl and shot down into the section Aunt Jane had vacated. The jackdaw gave a shrill screech of alarm and with reason, for the next moment its cage was rattling in the aisle empty and the cat had added murder to its other crimes. The window in Aunt Jane's section was still up, and through it the murderer made his escape, to the relief of the passengers and to the grief and indignation of Aunt Jane, who not only insinuated but said openly that if I had tried I could have prevented all that occurred. She requested me to return to my own section in the car and intimated that it would be a favor if I did not speak to her again during the journey, a favor I was entirely willing to and did grant.—Max Merryman.

ANTS USED TO SEW WOUNDS.

Remarkable Surgical Methods Practiced by Native Indians of Brazil.

Science has made vast strides during the last half of the century, and in no branch of knowledge is this progress more marked than in that of surgery, says the New York Herald. Many an operation is now performed with facility and safety which was not dreamed of fifty years ago, and many an operation which we now consider trivial and beneath remark was then considered as next to impossible to perform. The introduction of anaesthetics and the researches of Lord Lister in antiseptic surgery account largely for this state of affairs. Indeed, before the introduction of antiseptic methods in the operating theater as many lives were lost from those bugbears of all surgeons, pyemia and septicemia, as resulted from the operations themselves. The method, therefore, of securing a wound which is still prevalent among the Brazilian Indians can be looked upon as at least strictly antiseptic. The materials required for performing the operation are found handy almost anywhere in a Brazilian forest. These are a species of a very large ant, which has mandibles which can bite through almost any substance. The mouth is furnished with transversely movable jaws and does not possess a sting. A bite from one of these ants is perfectly harmless and is followed by no swelling or other evil results. The lower lip of the ant, instead of being a simple cover to the mouth, is developed into a strange jointed organ, which can be shot out much further than the upper lip, or when at rest can be folded flat over the face and can be rapidly protruded or withdrawn. It is furnished at its extremity with a pair of forceps, and is able to grasp objects with the strength and firmness of a small pair of pliers. Nothing, unless cased in metal, can resist those jaws. What the Brazilian Indian does when he or one of his patients receives a gash in this: He catches some of these ants, and, holding them to the wound, until he has previously closed together, lets them bite. They fix their mandibles on each side of the wound, and then he pinches off the rest of the body, leaving the mandibles and jaws to close up the wound. A row of these ants' heads keep a wound closed quite as effectively as the needle and thread of the surgeon, but the pain given to the victim of this rude style of surgery must be considerable. Rude as this method may seem, however, it has its advantages in being strictly antiseptic and causing no evil after effects. The jaws of the ant are extracted with a pair of forceps after the wound has satisfactorily healed.

The Only Man Living Who Saw Napoleon Buried.

From the Chicago Times-Herald: When a man has reached the ripe age of 97 he has a pardonable pride in making a century run and a laudable ambition to end his days with an even record. As a general thing, however, the man or woman who reaches those advanced years has lost both the pride and ambition which make an effort at living on a possibility. This is not the case with one respected nonagenarian who lives in Detroit, Mich., and whose age is co-incidental with the year, he being born in 1800. Capt. Francis Martin, U. S. N., has lived along easily without any thought of perpetuating his days beyond the average record of man, until, having passed the ninety-seventh milestone, he looks not forward, but lives in the present or looks himself with memories—and Captain Martin's memories are worth much to his possessor. He is the only man now living who was at Napoleon Bonaparte's funeral on the lonely island of St. Helena. He has sailed into nearly every navigable port on the face of the globe up to the year 1830. He was the friend of Audubon, the famous ornithologist. He fought pirates on the high seas in 1824. In 1835 he took part in the Seminole Indian war. In 1822, after making a record as a master of sailing craft on both sides of the Atlantic, Capt. Martin entered the United States marine service, receiving his first commission from Andrew Jackson. In the following year he was stationed at Charleston, S. C., during the exciting time of nullification. He participated in the Mexican war, his cutter being part of the blockading fleet cruising off the Mexican ports.

Candies Valuable in Bedrooms.

No one who has not used candies for the bedroom can appreciate their value. The light is soft and there is no unpleasant, unhealthy odor, as there may be from gas or kerosene; nor the staring whiteness of the electric light. Lamps are pretty for the bedroom, but it is almost impossible to turn them out without leaving some odor in the room. But candies are for retiring only, when they furnish sufficient light. No room can be too light where a woman is dressing.

SHYLOCK'S DEMAND.

Shylock's exaction for money lent Antonio was a forfeit "for an equal pound of your fair flesh to be cut off and taken in what part of your body please me." This horrible bargain, which Shakespeare has made so familiar to all, has made Shylock's name a synonym for all that is heartless and merciless. And yet Shylock only demanded a pound of flesh, but carnal diseases are not content with one pound of flesh, nor 10 pounds, nor 20 pounds. Catarrh always demands some flesh, often demands much; sometimes demands a pound, sometimes a Shylock with no bowels of mercy and his victims are many. Strong men, fair women, helpless children, fall, one by one, within his pitiless grasp.



Mr. Abe Miller, Stillville, Ind., in a letter to D. Starinman, stated: "I was all worn out. My weight was 134 pounds. I was weak and almost ready to go to bed. I have taken ten bottles of Pe-ru-na and weigh 161 pounds. I feel as if I could do as much work as any man on earth. I had tried seven doctors, but none of them did me any good. I recommended Pe-ru-na to my neighbor, and it is doing the work for him. He has gained four pounds already."

Pound by pound Pe-ru-na gains back again lost flesh. Fair flesh, solid flesh, natural flesh. The rounded form, bulging muscles, the supple skin, steady nerve, the elastic cords, all come back again when Pe-ru-na is used. Pe-ru-na is the hope of the invalid, the defense of the weak, the help of the discouraged.

Send for free book on catarrh. Address The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio. Ask your druggist for a free Pe-ru-na Almanac for 1908.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

"You have been in the cigarette business so long," said the anxious mother, "that you must be able to give me the information I want. I hope you will candidly answer my question. Are cigarettes injurious to the health?"

"It all depends, ma'am," said the tobacco merchant.

"On what?"

"On whether you smoke them or sell them."

Every one can play enough on a guitar to be disagreeable.

Beauty is blood deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascares, Candy Cathartic, cleans your blood and keeps it clean. By stirring up the liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascares. Beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed. 10c, 25c, 50c.

When a boy begins to shave he always goes to an old barber.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured.

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional treatment. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give one Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

Dr. J. C. HENNEY & CO., Toledo O. Sold by Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

You can't put enough clothes on a worthless man to disguise him.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascares, Candy Cathartic. 10c, 25c, 50c. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

The greener a country girl is, the larger the city she imagines she would like to live in.

A Poor Way to

Treat Catarrh

Is to rely upon the countless sprays, washes, etc., which form the basis of the many "methods" now so prevalent. Such treatment might avail something if Catarrh was only a local irritation of the membranes. But the disease is not on the surface—the discomforting irritation of the lining of the throat is not the disease itself, but simply a manifestation of it. Catarrh is a deep-seated, constitutional blood disease, and it is as easy to put out fire with a sheet of paper as to hope to cure it with local applications. Don't mistake temporary relief for benefit. Those who last season thought themselves benefited by this treatment will see their mistake as soon as the first chilling blast of winter is felt.



"The sprays and washes prescribed by the doctors relieved me only temporarily, and though I used them constantly for ten years, the disease had a firmer hold than ever. I was in a lamentable condition when I decided to try S. S. S. I at once began to improve, and after taking it for three months I was cured completely. The dreadful disease was eradicated from my system, and I have had no return of it."

Miss Joan Owen, Montpelier, Ohio.

Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) is the only cure for Catarrh, for it goes direct to the cause of the trouble—the blood—forcing the disease from the system. Those who have had Catarrh for any length of time know that each winter finds them more firmly in the grasp of the disease than before. Their experience teaches them that local treatment can do them no good. A trial of S. S. S. will convince them that it is the proper remedy. If you are just feeling the first touch of this offensive disease you should begin treatment promptly, for its severity increases each year; but be sure to begin right. If you treat only the surface, relying upon sprays, washes and inhalations, you may be sure that a mild case will be a bad one next year and a worse one the year later. Begin promptly to take S. S. S. and be cured.

Books mailed free by Swift Specific Co., Box Y, Atlanta, Ga.

5 DROPS CURES RHEUMATISM.

A Wonderful Remedy Which is Attaining Widespread Attention.

Many, who were afflicted, have acknowledged the curative properties of a new and wonderful remedy trade marked "Five Drops." One says: "I cannot express my gratitude to God, also to you, for the benefit I am receiving from 'Five Drops.' I now walk about without a crutch, which I have had to use for a long time."—Mrs. A. Spring, 630 Main street, Springfield, Mass. Another reads: "We thank your medicine truly wonderful; it cured my husband. I recommend it to all sufferers."—Mrs. M. R. Pike, Colville, Wash. "Five Drops" taken but once a day is a dose of this great remedy, and to enable all sufferers to make a trial of its wonderful curative properties the manufacturers will send out during the next thirty days 100,000 sample bottles for 25 cents each, prepaid by mail—send today. Even a sample bottle will convince you of its merits. Swanson Rheumatic Cure Company, 167-169 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

That which a man dreams most in marriage, a woman thinks most of.

Did you ever see two left handed persons shake hands?

J. E. Galtbraith, who has been appointed traffic manager of the Cleveland Terminal and Valley Railroad Company, with headquarters at Cleveland, will also be the general agent of the B. and O. at that point. These two positions were formerly held by L. Rush Brockenbrough, who is now general freight agent of the B. and O. lines west of the Ohio river, with headquarters at Pittsburg.

If a Mary writes her name Mae or Marie, that settles it; she can't cook.

FIVE Permanently Cured. Sufferers who cannot get relief from any other source, send for FREE BOOK on Catarrh, and treatment. Dr. H. H. HENNEY, Ltd., 33, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

A soft, gentle, cleansing becomes more tiresome than a rasping one.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens and relieves inflammation, soothes and cures. 25c a bottle.

It is not difficult for a man to be a woman's ideal if he lives in another state.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The more a man has to do with women, the more he finds it necessary to lie.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA" AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now

the fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher on every bear the fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought

and has the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except the Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher

Insist on Having

The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

How Oscar Sherwood Lost Four Legs.

Oscar Sherwood, of Birmingham, Ala., says he is the only man in the world who has lost four legs in the service of his country. The first was wounded and amputated at Vera Cruz, during the Mexican war. The second was taken off during the retreat at Bull Run by a piece of artillery passing over it. The third was carried away by a cannon ball at Fair Oaks. The fourth mishap was before Petersburg, when Sherwood was sent to an underground magazine for the purpose of learning its ability to stand the bombardment from Confederate shells. Perhaps it may be as well to mention that the second leg taken off was of cork, and the two subsequent ones of willow.

The Usual Way.

Grief over the death of her husband caused a Chicago widow of 22 to drink carbolic acid. Her condition is not serious and she will probably be married again within six months.

The best company at a Thanksgiving dinner is a turkey.

Misery by the Wholesale.

Is what chronic indigestion of the liver gives rise to. This gets into the blood and imparts a yellow tint, the tongue feels and so does the breath, sick headaches, pain beneath the right ribs and shoulder blades are felt, the bowels are constipated and the stomach disordered. The remedy is ready for this catalogue of evils is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine long and professionally recommended, and sovereign also for chills and fever, nervousness and rheumatism.

Any girl who raves over a foot ball player will prove to be fond of gritty gooseberry pie.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me. Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Florida, Sept. 17, 1905.

Every man must run the risk of rain. Ex.

Smoke Sledge Cigarettes, 20 for 5c.

An ignorance of what these days is regarded as an evidence of a very worthy woman.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascares. Candy Cathartic, entire regulation forever. 10c, 25c. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Most people have seen worse things in private than they pretend to be shocked at in public.

The misery of it is awful. USE ST. JACOBS OIL

TO CURE SCIATICA

You'll feel it is worth its weight in gold.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER
WILL KEEP YOU DRY.

Don't be fooled with a markish of rubber coat. If you want a coat that will keep you dry in the hardest rain, buy the Fish Brand Slicker. It is for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER
It doesn't cost much, yet it adds wonderfully to the looks. It is youth for a few cents. No gray hair. No dandruff.

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TO CURE SCIATICA

You'll feel it is worth its weight in gold.

\$100 To Any Man.

WILL PAY \$100 FOR ANY CASE

Of Weakness in Men They Treat and Fail to Cure.

An Omaha Company places for the first time before the public a MAJOR TREATMENT for the cure of Lost Vitality, Nervous and Sexual Weakness, and Restoration of Life Force in old and young men. No worn-out French remedy; contains no Phosphorus or other harmful drugs. It is a WONDERFUL TREATMENT—magical in its effects—positive in its cure. All readers, who are suffering from a weakness that brightens their eyes, causing that mental and physical suffering peculiar to Lost Manhood should write to the STATE MEDICAL COMPANY, Omaha, Neb., and they will send you absolutely FREE, a valuable paper on these diseases, and positive proofs of their truly MAJOR TREATMENT. Thousands of men, who have lost all hope of a cure, are being restored by them to a perfect condition.

This MAJOR TREATMENT may be taken at home under their directions, or they will pay railroad fare and hotel bills to all who prefer to go to them for treatment. If they fail to cure, they are perfectly reliable have no Free Prescriptions, Free Cure, Free Sample, or C. O. D. fake. They have \$50,000 capital, and guarantee to cure every case they treat or refund every dollar; or their charges may be deposited in a bank to be paid to them when a cure is effected. Write them today.

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